

# THE PLYMOUTH PILOT.

"THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE SHOWERED ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR."—JACKSON.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News.

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## THE PLYMOUTH PILOT.

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**TERMS.**  
If paid in advance, (or within two months after subscribing) - - - - - \$1.50.  
If paid within six months, - - - - - \$2.00.  
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Town subscribers, who have their paper left by the carrier, will be charged fifty cents in addition to the subscription price.  
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

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1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order their papers discontinued, Publishers may continue to send them until all charges are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office or place to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they settle their bill and discontinue them.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the Publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

## JOE PRINTING.

Of every description, executed at the office of the  
"PLYMOUTH PILOT"  
with promptitude, and in the best possible manner.  
**BOOKS, CIRCULARS, HANDBILLS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS, AND POSTERS.** Printed on the most accommodating terms, and in a style not to be surpassed by any other establishment in Northern Indiana.  
**DEEDS, SUMMONS, EXECUTIONS, MORTGAGES, SCHEMES, BLANK NOTES, AND ALL KINDS OF JUSTICES' AND CONSTABLES' BLANKS,** are kept constantly on hand at this office, or printed to order.

### SCIENTIFIC.

A deadly poison, made from tobacco, has been tested in experiments by the Paris chemists. A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes:

"Experiments upon the effects of Nicotina, the new poison brought into notice by the trial of the Count de Bismarck, are being made in various cities of the continent. A day or two ago it was tried on dogs, cats, and hens, at Brussels, with most decisive results. Two drops caused the speedy death of a hen, and the instantaneous death of a cock. Several drops mixed with ether, and given to a small dog, caused sudden contractions of the limbs, and copious salivation. A dose of vinegar caused him to revive, momentarily, but he died soon after. A bulldog was forced to swallow ten drops of nicotina, struggled against its effects for a full quarter of an hour. A cat that had swallowed four drops, ran four times round the room, and then jumped out of the window. The physicians who performed these experiments, were to hold a post mortem examination of the animals dead from the effect of nicotina. This poison has the appearance of Madeira wine, and the smell of ammonia."

The fire annihilator, invented by Mr. Phillips, of England, continues to be highly recommended, and is likely to supersede all other extinguishers of fire. The machine is simple and portable, and the article used is an anti-combustive gas, instantly destructive to flame. Two other very great advantages the annihilator possesses: The vapor enables persons to breathe in the room where fire is, and the apparatus can be used without causing the least damage to the machinery, as it is the case with both steam and water.

The Lancaster Gazette describes an invention for lighting up turret clock-faces; with gas light, on a principle, which is perfectly self-regulating. The clock lights itself at the proper hour, namely, at sunset each night, and extinguishes itself at sunrise each morning, and follows the setting and rising of the sun from the shortest to the longest day, and again from the longest to the shortest day, with only a half-yearly adjustment.—*W. C. Advocate.*

We learn from a reliable source that a lump of hail, weighing 217 pounds, fell near Dover, N. H. on the 20th inst. The mass was observed at a considerable elevation before it descended, and created no little alarm among a number of people. It fortunately fell in a bog, and did no other damage than to throw up mud and dirt upon all who were in the vicinity.—*Boston Times.*



## POETRY.

For the Pilot.

### RALLY ROUND THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

Tune—*And Languine.*

Come all who love sobriety  
And join the Temperance band.  
Help to depose King Alcohol  
And drive him from our land.  
Come fathers, mothers, maidens too,  
Help to reform our wrongs,  
Be to your duty ever true,  
And swell the Temperance song.

The drunkard's King is in our land.  
He has his millions slain.  
Come rally round the Temperance flag  
And stop the tyrant's reign.  
Let not the fiend his poison spread  
That cause the widow's wail,  
And make their offspring cry for bread  
While drunkards rant and rave.

Poison the blood-polluting fire  
That turns the drunkard's brain,  
And makes the murderer's heart aspire  
To inflict the deepest pain.  
It heats the blood, delirious the mind,  
Makes man a tormented fiend;  
Destroys all peace and social bands,  
Makes life a dismal scene.

The cause of myriad crimes untold,  
The lane for public peace,  
The times that make the pirate bold,  
The drunken gambler's feast,  
Oh! bloodiest monster in our land,  
The source of guilt and crime,  
Poison in bloodiest deeds of man  
Seen in the book of time.

A. S. J.

### The Fatal Concealment.

A Thrilling Tale.

Some years after I commenced practice—but the precise date I shall for obvious reasons, avoid mentioning—I had a friend at whose house I was a constant visitor. He had a wife who was the magnet that drew me there. She was beautiful, but I shall not describe her. She was more than beautiful—she was fascinating—she was captivating. Her presence was to me like intoxicating opium. I was only happy when under its influence; and yet after every indulgence in the fatal pleasure, I sank into the deepest despondency. In my own justification I must say that I never in word or look betrayed my feelings, though I have some reason to suspect that they were reciprocated; for when in my company she was always gay, brilliant and witty; yet as I learned from others, at times she was often sad and melancholy. Powerful—most powerful was the temptation to make an unreserved disclosure of my heart, but I resisted it. That I had the firmness to do so, has been for years my only consolation.

One morning I sat alone in my chamber; my clerk was absent. A gentle knock was just audible at the outer door. I shouted, "Come in!" in no very amiable humor, for I was indulging in a delicious reverie upon the subject of the lady of my heart, and the presence of an ordinary individual was hateful. The door opened, and Mrs. — entered. I do not know exactly what I did; but it seemed to be a long time before I had the power to rise and welcome her, while she stood there with a timid blush upon her face, and the glorious smile upon her lips, which made me feel that it would be too great a happiness to die for.

"I don't wonder at your being surprised to see me here," she began, with a provoking laugh; but is your astonishment really too great to allow you to say, 'How do you do?'"

The spell was broken. I started up and took her hand. I fear I pressed it more warmly and held it longer than was absolutely necessary.

"Perhaps your surprise will be increased," she continued, "when I inform you that I have come upon business."

I muttered something about not being so ambitious as to hope she would visit me for any other motive. She took no notice of what I said, but I perceived that her face turned deadly pale, and that her hand trembled as she placed before me a bundle of papers.

"You will see by these," she said, in a low hurried voice, "that some property was left me by my uncle, and I can touch nothing but the interest. Now my husband is in want of a large sum of money at this moment, and I wish to examine the affair well, and see whether by the twisting of the law, I can place part of my capital at his disposal. Unintentionally I have done him a great wrong," she added, in a tone so low that no ears less jealously alive than mine could have caught the meaning; "and poor as this reparation is, it is all that I can make, and I must do it if possible."

I pretended to study the papers before me, but the light danced and mingled, and if by a great effort I forced my eyes to distinguish a word, it conveyed not

the slightest meaning to my whirling brain. Every drop of blood in my body seemed imbued with a separate consciousness, and to be tingling and rushing to the side next to her whose presence within a short distance of me was really the only thing of which I had distinct perception. I hung my head to hide from her the emotion of which I was thoroughly ashamed.

It may well be believed that I was in no condition to give a professional opinion; but got over the difficulty by telling her I must have time to study the case, and promising to let her know the result.

"You are a tiresome creature," she said with a little coquettish air. I really expected that, for once in your life, and for a friend too, you might have got rid of the laws' delay, and given me your opinion in half an hour; so far, at least, as to tell me whether there is a probability of my being able to do what I desire. But I see you are just like the rest of the lawyers—time! time! I suppose, now you will keep about it till I am dead; and then it will go to my husband in the course of law."

"It may not require more than half an hour to ascertain so much, when I can direct my thoughts to it for that space of time," I replied; and I know that the words rattled like shot out of my mouth. "But would you be so unreasonable as to require an artist to draw a straight line while he was under a fit of delirium tremens?"

"You are an incomprehensible person," she replied rather coldly; "so I shall leave you to your legal and lawful studies. But if you are going to have an attack of the delirium tremens, perhaps I had better send in the doctor. Shall I?"

"Well, I don't anticipate an attack this morning," I answered with a forced smile; "so I would not give you the trouble. The fact is, that I had been violently agitated a short time since, and my mind has not quite recovered its equilibrium."

We talked for a few minutes longer—she quizzing me in her light, playful manner—and I delighted to be so teased, standing stupid and dumb, scarcely able to say a word, though very anxious to prolong the delightful moments by keeping up the war of babbage. At length she went to the door, and I was about to escort her down stairs when we heard some one speaking below.

"Good God!" she exclaimed, clinging wildly to my arm, "that is my husband's voice. If he finds me here, I am ruined."

"Don't be alarmed," I replied, endeavoring to reassure her; "you came here on business, too! He would love you all the more for it!"

"You don't know about this so well as I do," she said shuddering convulsively. "He is jealous—exceedingly, of you; and oh I fear not without some cause. Hide me somewhere for mercy's sake!"

I do not know how it happened, but my arm was round her, and I half carried her across the room to a large book closet.

"Can you stay here?" I asked hastily. "I will leave the door ajar for air."

"No, shut it—lock it—take away the key, or I shall not feel safe. There is plenty of air! and she sprang into the recess."

For one moment her eyes met mine and I thought they beamed with deep impassioned love. The next, I had locked the door upon my treasure, thrown the papers she had brought into a drawer, and was apparently busy pen in hand, when my friend entered. He commenced in a round about way, to question me upon certain points of law respecting marriage settlements, &c.; and after a tedious amount of circumlocution, he gave me to understand that all this regarded a desired transfer of some property of his wife's into his own hands. He had come, in fact, on the same errand as that generous creature! He also had a copy of her relatives' wills, and these I was compelled to examine closely, for he was desperately pertinacious, and would not be put off. I was angry at the thought of what his poor wife must be suffering, peat up in that narrow prison, and I felt that I could have kicked her husband out of doors for keeping her there. At last he made a move as if to go. I started up, and stood ready to bow him out.

"So," said he, tying up his papers with provoking deliberation, "nothing but my wife's death, you say, can put me in possession of this money, I want it very much but nobody will suspect me of desiring her death for the sake of having it a little sooner."

He laughed at his own poor jest, and I made a sort of hyena chorus to it, that sounded to my own ears even strange and hysterical. He went at last, but stopped again on the stairs and detained me there talking for full five minutes longer. I felt by sympathy all the pangs of suffocation. My throat seemed swollen—my forehead bursting. Great God! will he never be gone! Will he stand here talking about the weather and the generalities of the law, while his lovely wife,

who came to sacrifice her individual interests for his sake, dies a terrible and lingering death! A step behind me makes me turn around. It is my clerk—curses on him! I ground my teeth in unavailing wrath, I could have stabbed him—shot him—beaten out his brains—hurled him down stairs. But any violence would have compromised her. In a few minutes my brain was clear again.

"Watson," I cried, Mr. — has just left. He is gone up Fleet street, I think; run after him to leave those papers with me. Say to him that I would like to examine them more at leisure. Run quickly, and you'll overtake him."

Watson disappeared. I turned the key of the outer door, and sprang toward the closet. As I unlocked it I remembered the look she had given me as I shut it, and I wondered, with a beating heart, whether the same expression would greet my enraptured gaze when I opened it.—There she stood with her eyes calmly fixed on mine.

"You are safe dearest!" I murmured.—She did not rebuke me for calling her so, and emboldened by her silence, I took her from her narrow prison. She moved forward, and fell into my arms a corpse!

I cannot well recall what followed. I only know that I tried every means for her restoration to life; but alas! without success. Of one thing I was firmly convinced—she had not died from suffocation. I had once seen the body of a man who had been killed by the falling in of the mouth of a pit. I recollected his purple and swollen face and his lax, warm limbs. She was pale, rigid, cold. The tumult of her own emotions must have killed her the moment the door was closed upon her. By some means I kept my secret from the knowledge of Watson and every one else. All that night I was trying to recover her. Then I formed the project of shutting her up in the closet and locking up her chambers and going abroad for twenty years. But that idea was rejected as quickly as formed; it would hardly be possible that the presence of a dead body in the house should not be discovered before that time. Next I thought of setting fire to the place, burning all my books and papers, making a funeral pile of them; and thus ruining myself to save the secret. But that thought, too, was dismissed. It might cause loss of life and property to many innocent people and would be a bungling after all; as, if the fire was discovered early, policemen, firemen, mob, all would break in, and finding her there, all would be lost—it was more to save her reputation than life, that I was striving and plotting.

In the meantime, I was a prey to the most painful anxiety. I was sure that by this time she must have been missed and sought for. Perhaps she had been seen to enter my chambers. Every step that I heard I feared might be that of a policeman. In the morning, a stranger called on business. This, of course, was nothing extraordinary; but, when he had gone, I felt that he was a detective officer, and had come as a spy. I thrust a few clothes into a carpet sack intending the escape to France. I caught up a bunch of matches, to set the place on fire—I grasped a razor, and looked eagerly on its keen edge, as the surest and swiftest way of ending my misery. But then, all of those would leave her to the jests of the world, and my own sufferings were nothing in comparison. At this distance of time, I can look back impartially and coolly upon that dreadful day; and I can solemnly declare, that I would rather have been hanged for murdering her, than to have allowed a breath to sully her fair fame.

I had just laid down the razor, when a hurried step crossed the ante room. It was her husband's.

Now, I thought, all is lost. She was seen to enter here, and he has come to claim her.

"My dear —," he began, in a nervous unsettled way, "you remember the business that I came about yesterday?"

"Perfectly."

"And do you remember the words I used as I was going? I mean, in answer to what you said about my not being able to touch this money till after the death of my wife?"

"Yes, I remember them distinctly."

"My wife has disappeared since yesterday morning," he continued, turning still paler than before, "and if anything serious should have happened, you know, and you should repeat those expressions, they might be laid hold of, and I don't know what might be the consequence. I might be suspected of having murdered her."

Poor fellow! if I had not known the truth, I should have suspected it myself, from his excessive terror and anxiety. He wiped the perspiration from his face, and sank into a chair. The sight of a person more frightened than myself reassured me. I was calmer than I had been since the preceding morning.

"Where did she go? how was she dressed?" I inquired, anxious to know.

"She told me she was going out a shop-

ping and visiting; but no one saw her leave the house, and none of the servants know exactly how she was dressed. When I went home to dinner, the first thing I heard she had not returned."

"What have you done? Have you sent to the police, to the hospitals?"

"Yes, and to every friend and tradesman where she would be likely to call." "You may depend upon it," I replied very impressively, "that I will not repeat what you said yesterday. You are right in supposing I might tell against you much if she should be found dead under suspicious circumstances."

He talked a little longer, and then went away to renew the search for his wife. How I preserved my self-possession during this interview, I do not know; so far from being really calm, I could have gnawed the flesh off my bones in my agony.

That night when the doors were fastened, and I was alone—except for the company of the dead—I shut myself up in the closet for two hours to ascertain whether she died for want of air, for I distrusted my own knowledge of the appearance of suffocated persons. The place was well supplied with air from several large crevices. My first idea was correct; she had died from some other cause.

When I emerged from the closet, I found the night was intensely dark, it was raining in torrents, and the thunder and wind roared a terrific chorus, basted by the sullen booming of the river, then at high tide, and already swollen by the rain. I sat there in the dark upon the floor, holding the cold stiff hand of the dead in my own. I thought dreamingly how often it had welcomed me with its soft pressure, while her eyes had beamed brightly on mine, and the full pouting lips had wreathed into dimples of delight. Now that hand that used to be so plump so full of warmth and life, was rigid and cold—those eyes were glazed and ghastly those lips clammy and hard. Tears came to my relief, I wept as grown men seldom weep, and with that heart ceasing gush came a new idea of escape for her and me. I was ready to believe at that moment that her spirit rested on mine and inspired the thought—for it burst upon me suddenly, with a conviction that if executed at the instant, it would be crowned with success. How could I otherwise have had the temerity to snatch her up in my arms, at the risk of being encountered by some other inhabitant of the house; bear her through the courts, and by a way that I knew, into the garden.

The river was running strong and deep against the wall. I pressed one kiss upon her cold forehead, and threw her into the stream. Gladly, gladly would I have gone with her, and held her in my heart till death; but the impulse was still on me, and without delay I hastened back. No one saw me, and the beating rain effaced my foot prints.

A few days after, I saw by the papers that her body had been found far down the river.

Two years later her husband married again. He is stout and ruddy and laughs as heartily as ever.

I shall die a bachelor; I am lean and pale, and bowed and grey-haired, and the sound of my own laugh is strange to me.

**ARTIFICIAL LEATHER.**—A correspondent, who has recently visited Abington, Mass. informs us that on going into a shop a few days ago, he witnessed another triumph of art aided and guided by science. A steam engine of six or eight horse power is erected for grinding up the chips and shavings of leather which have heretofore been burnt or thrown away. These are ground to powder resembling coarse snuff, and this powder is then mixed with certain gums and other substances, so thoroughly that the whole mass becomes a kind of melted leather. In a short time this dries a little, and is rolled out to the desired thickness—perhaps one-twenty-fourth of an inch. It is quite solid, and is said to be entirely water proof. On putting the question whether it was strong, the manufacturer cut several stripes a foot long and a half an inch wide, which our informant endeavored in vain to break.

This new fashioned leather will make good middle soles for shoes, and perhaps inner soles; and would be very durable round the shafts of a carriage, or in any place where mere chafing is all the wear desired. It is supposed it would wear well as bands for some kind of machinery, and will doubtless be used for many other purposes. A patent has been secured, and the article will soon be in the market and in use.

The Col. Crittenden who was one of the Americans executed at Havana, was doubtless Wm. Crittenden, formerly of this city, and brother of John A. Crittenden, late Marshall of the Chancery Court here. Patrick Dillon, Dr. Fisher, and Manville, who were also executed at the same time, were from this city, and we understand some two or three others of the unfortunates were from Indiana.—*Lou. Courier.*

**Curious Experiment. Inexplicable Motion and Sound.**—Procure a piece of lead pipe, about two inches in the bore, and three inches long; the thicker the lead is, the better for the experiment.—The pipe being set up on end, we will call it the stand. Next obtain a piece of brass, about eight inches long, one inch to one inch-and-a-half-wide, and a quarter of an inch thick; file away the edges one of the flat sides to make it oval-shaped, so that it will rock to and fro, if it be put in motion upon a table.—Instead of having the brass filed, a blacksmith can give a slight curve [observe, it must be lengthways] by a few blows with a sledge hammer; either way answer the purpose, and when made it is called the Hammer. The dimensions here given are not essential to the success of the experiment; they are merely given as a guide. Now, if one end of the Hammer is made hot, [not quite red-hot,] in a clear fire, and then laid across the stand, oval side downward, giving it a slight rock to commence with, it will continue in motion, producing at the same time a peculiar humming sound, which motion and sound will continue for a very long time; in fact, until the stand and hammer are of the same temperature. The explanation of these phenomena must be solved by a genius as yet unknown.

**THE RISING GENERATION.**—It was said by somebody—John Neal, we believe, for he is always uttering quaint things from that huge package of brains planted on his shoulders—that there were no boys and girls now-a-days, but that they sprang out of their mother's arms into men and women. We confess that odd as the idea is, there is a little too much fact in its base. The boys are eager to reach manhood, which they are apt to think consists in smoking cigars, chewing tobacco, drinking toddies and rolling oaths, as sweet morsels from off their tongues. The girls are equally eager to attain the glories of womanhood, which consists in wearing elegant dresses, spinning street yarns, going to parties, and, and, shall we say it?—getting husbands. Well, it is out, and upon the whole, we'll let it stand, though we incur thereby the perils of having our ears pulled.

So the one class are ever in a hurry to cast their jackets for long tailed coats, and their canny for cigars; and the other to step out from the cathedra chrysalis of pantalets and short dresses into the full blown butterfly beauty of womanhood.

But "the more haste the worse speed;" and we advise the boys and girls to hold on to their bread-and-butter life, just as long as they possibly can. They will never be so happy as now.

**Parlour Pastime.—Crystal Baskets.**—These pretty ornaments are not at all difficult to make. The basket or any other ornament, is first fashioned with copper wire as a skeleton of the pattern, desired. For blue crystals, take a saturated solution of sulphate of copper in hot water, place the pattern in this liquor, and set it in a quiet place; as the solution cools, crystals of the sulphate will be deposited on the wire; but, to increase their size, it is only necessary to place the ornaments in a fresh and perfectly saturated solution of the copper salt.

For yellow crystals, use the yellow prussiate of potash.

For Ruby, use the red prussiate of potash.

For white, use alum, or acetate of lead. The Salts of Chromium, and many others, are equally applicable for this purpose, if greater variety of color be wanted.

To preserve these ornaments in all their beauty, they should be kept under glass shades.

All salts named are more soluble in hot than in cold water; hence, as the hot solutions become cold, a part of material is deposited; in so doing, each metallic salt assumes a particular shape of crystal, as though endowed with vitality. These crystals vary in form according to the metal, but are invariably the same for the same metal, and are as characteristic of their origin as a flower is of the parent plant.

"I am poor and can hardly afford it, yet I take a newspaper for my children," was the exclamation of an honest, hard-working man, on being asked if he had a newspaper. Would that all fathers would do the same and thus place before their children a good newspaper, which would soon create an interest for reading and afford the young a source of enjoyment which, in after years, they will recur to with pleasure. If parents instead of giving their children a quarter to visit each travelling show, would invest the money in subscribing for a newspaper, they would confer a favor upon the child and themselves.—*N. A. Ledger.*

The number of telescopic stars in the Milky Way, is estimated at 18,000,000.